

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 30, 1913.

FOR MAYOR.
Patrick A. Joyce.
FOR CITY CLERK.
Harvey Rosier.
CITY JUDGE.
Patrick Houlihan.
COUNCILMEN-AT-LARGE.
J. A. McCullough, George N. Whitman and Joseph Paddick.
COUNCILMAN, FIRST WARD.
George Cimmarman.
SECOND WARD.
Sevor Thompson.
THIRD WARD.
Jere T. Hagerly.
FOURTH WARD.
Andrew Siefert.
FIFTH WARD.
George Phillips.
SIXTH WARD.
John K. Smogor.
SEVENTH WARD.
Gustav F. Haslanger.

FOR COUNCIL—SEVOR THOMPSON.

Sevor Thompson is democratic candidate for councilman in the second ward. He is in a marked degree the candidate of the citizens of that ward.

He accepted the nomination because the people of his ward wanted him to represent them in the council.

When he was asked what he thought the first duty of a member of the common council should be he replied: "The first duty of a councilman is to get close to the people."

This must be regarded as the highest conception of the responsibilities of the office.

The councilman who does not get close to the people and make himself familiar with their needs and identify himself with them in his work will be either an inefficient or untrustworthy public servant, or both.

The councilman stands in the same relation to his ward and city that a member of the legislature or of congress stands to his district.

He sits in the council chamber as the agent, the representative of his constituency. He is there to look after their interests. In no other way can the citizen reach the governing powers than through these representatives.

The councilman who assumes to conduct public business without consulting the people who have placed their welfare in his hands presumes on a right that does not belong to him. He should be watched.

Mr. Thompson has lived close to the people all his life. For twenty-five years he has been an employee of the South Bend Chilled Plow company. He has risen to a position of trust and responsibility by proving himself to be a competent and trustworthy man.

He knows the needs of the people. He is in intimate relation and sympathy with them. He has the business capacity to serve them efficiently. He should be elected.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

At the dry farming congress in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the amenities between the banker and the farmer are being cultivated. The general secretary of the American Bankers' association, Frederick Farnsworth of New York, has traced a relationship almost unsuspected.

The country banker, Mr. Farnsworth said, is interested in farming because the farm is the country's greatest bank and the bank is simply a warehouse where the products of the soil are stored, and the city bank is also interested in farming because of its relations to the country bank. Finally, all banks are interested in agriculture because they realize it is the country's most fundamental and important industry.

On the other hand, we presume, the farmer is no less interested in the banks because they are the repository of his products, thus constituting a natural interest which must have been of long standing, but which appears to have been only recently discovered. At least we are just beginning to hear about it. Though long delayed it is better to be found late than never.

The significance of this discovery is that the bankers are coming out from behind their grated windows and meeting the farmers on their own premises or at least in the lobby. They are carrying the bank to the farm instead of waiting for the farm to come to the bank.

The effect of this must be apparent to the most casual observer. It establishes between the banks and the farmer the relations the merchant seeks to establish between himself and the trade. It breaks down barriers that stand in restraint of business.

WASHINGTON'S WORK.

So little attention is given to the progress of the Negro race in America that the story of its development as told by Booker T. Washington comes in the nature of a revelation.

That the ratio of literacy among the Negroes of the south has been raised from three per cent to sixty-nine per cent, that the southern Negroes pay taxes on \$699,000,000 worth of property and that the Tuskegee school has

sent out 6,000 graduates proficient in agricultural, mechanical and professional lines are statements amazing in their significance.

Add to this the declaration that the friendliest relations have been established between the blacks and whites of the southern states and we have a situation which completely controverts the assumption that the Negro race is hopeless.

The problem which faced the southern states at the close of the war when three million emancipated slaves were left as one of the heritages of the conflict was in many respects the most serious and menacing that an impoverished people ever confronted. It was not until Booker T. Washington began his educational work at Tuskegee that a ray of hope was seen.

Through education and training the menace has been removed and the south no longer entertains the apprehension it felt at the close of the war. The Negro has proved himself capable of cultivation and elevation, mentally and morally and in a large degree is solving his own problem.

Booker T. Washington is the Moses who is leading his people out of the wilderness. He has labored unceasingly and unselfishly. He has had in mind solely the redemption of the blacks.

The figures show that the business of the city of South Bend has been economically managed, and Patrick Joyce promises still greater economy as a result of this good administration. Is that what the taxpayers want, or would they prefer to take chances with the Keller-Happ-Miller crowd?

The slogan of the Tribune is: "Knock Your Home City." If Fred Keller is elected mayor it will be a "Knock Your Home City" administration. The Tribune will dictate the policy of the administration.

Great Britain and other foreign powers are at least hesitating to interfere with Uncle Sam's policy in Mexico. Following Great Britain's bluff it looks like a crawl on her part.

Young "Charles" Gates is dead. He lived a long time in a few years. But it takes years, not fast living, to learn wisdom. The unfortunate young man never learned wisdom.

Pres. Wilson's new interpretation of the Monroe doctrine will go into history as the "Mobile declaration," says Secy. Daniels. Why not the "Wilson declaration"?

The leaders of the so-called citizens' movement are wishing the campaign was over. And we don't blame them. They have been shown up as political fakirs.

The so-called citizens' movement hasn't a hook left to hang its coat on. Every pretension has been exposed. Every promise has been proved a fake.

The senate banking committee is having its troubles over the currency bill. And it should. Conflict of opinion is apt to produce accuracy in results.

Mr. Sulzer is confident he will overthrow Tammany but he will have to show most people.

The purpose in creating the fly is an unsolved mystery.

This is a good year for democrats to stand together.

WHAT'S DOING IN SOUTH BEND TODAY

"Fine Feathers" at the Oliver.

New bill at Orpheum theater.

Dr. John Mills' lecture before the Progress club members.

"So you killed your dog? Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."—N. Y. World.

CLOSE.

"Is Charlie much of a spender?" "The only thing I ever saw him spend was an evening out at the house."—N. Y. World.

WILLING.

"May I see you across the street?" "Certainly. That'll be fine. You stay on this side and I'll cross."—N. Y. World.

DID WELL.

"You are the first girl I ever kissed." "Then you deserve to be complimented."—N. Y. World.

THE WHY OF IT.

"Yes," mused the old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?" "They couldn't," snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."—N. Y. World.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR THE SPOKEN PROMISE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Warren was to have the family Christmas dinner. The dinner was to be at two o'clock and after dinner there was to be a tree for the "grandchildren." The "grandchildren" of course meant Carrie's children, for Helen's baby was only four months old.

Helen knew that she must go; for Warren's sake she would have to go. But she looked forward to it with anything but pleasure. She knew that Carrie and "Carrie's children" would be the center of interest they always were. She never went there to a family dinner that she did not come away just as indignant at some slight or ignorant inattention.

Warren said it was partly her fault because she was always cold and reserved with his people. But how could she help that when she never felt comfortable or at ease with them? And she had never forgotten nor forgiven their treatment of her when she first went there as a bride.

Carrie had had all the family at her house for dinner Thanksgiving. But Helen had positively refused to go. She knew they would have to go to his mother's for Christmas, and she told Warren most emphatically that she would not go to both. So he made the excuse that they wanted one holiday dinner alone together.

Helen's turn. Of course Carrie had not liked it—indirectly Helen had heard as much. And yet, if she had gone, she knew Carrie would have managed in some subtle way to make war most uncomfortable—she always did.

But now the worst of it was that it was her time to have them all for New Year's. Since she didn't want them, she would have given anything to have gotten out of it, but it was so plain her turn.

While, of course, she had some of them at various times to tea or dinner, she had not given a formal dinner for his people since she had been married.

Warren had suggested it several times, but on one excuse or another she had always managed to put it off. But now he insisted that it must be New Year's.

So it had all been arranged almost a month ago. His father and mother, and Robert, Frank and Edith made five. And Carrie, her husband and her three children, five more, and she and Warren—12 in all.

They had counted it all out. Their dining room would seat 12, but it would be somewhat crowded.

The fact that she had not gone to Carrie's Thanksgiving dinner might mean that Carrie would not come. Helen secretly hoped that she wouldn't but as yet she didn't know.

The Holiday Burden. Never before had Helen dreaded the holidays as she did this year. A dozen times a day she found herself wishing they were over. If only she and Warren could spend them alone together, or with a few congenial friends! But "his people" dominated everything.

Warren had been raised with the idea that the holiday time was one of close family reunions. But he did not seem to realize that as they were not her people, how hard it all was for Helen.

And the baby made it harder. She had always secretly resented the fuss and attention that were given to Carrie's children, but now that she had one of her own, which she felt would not receive half the attention, she knew how much more jealous and resentful she would be.

She felt that it would be much better not to take the baby to the Christmas dinner. She was sure that Winifred had a cold and had to be left with the nurse—that, too, would give an excuse for leaving early. But Warren had insisted most strongly that the baby must go. On that point he seemed immovable.

And she knew he was planning to spend the whole day. Dinner was to be at two, the Christmas tree after that, and then they were invited to stay for supper and the singing.

Premontory Feast. It would be the first time she had ever had the baby there. How could she act? Suppose the strange surroundings would frighten her? What if she should cry most of the time? Helen pictured her own mortification and Carrie's quiet air of superiority, for Carrie's babies had always been "good." She was presently being told what model babies they had been.

But there was another reason why she dreaded to take the baby—a reason she did not like to admit even to herself. When Winifred was far prettier than when she was born, she was still not a "beautiful" baby. No amount of mother-love could make Helen think that.

She was not homey—her little features were straight and very good. Her hair was so fine and silky and so light in color that it looked as though there were none at all. And Carrie's babies had all been "beautiful" ever when they were young. The young family had pictures of them everywhere. Lawrence, Carrie's husband, had a kodak, and from the number of babies' pictures, Helen must have meant have seen every one of his time photographing them.

Dread and Jealousy. They were taken in their bath, in their baby-carriages, asleep—in all conceivable poses. And they were always pretty. Why Helen had to admit that.

They all had beautiful dark hair, and plenty of it. And now to take Winifred with her little bald head, and have them compare her with the pictures of "Carrie's babies" that hung everywhere.

She couldn't tell Warren of her feelings about this, he wouldn't understand. And even if he could, still she couldn't have told him. Her mother pride would guard, even from her husband the secret fear that she might not be proud of her baby.

Everything together, she felt she had never dreaded the holidays as she dreaded this year.

And the presents. The whole family had always given Carrie's babies such expensive presents. She had seen the silver cups and silver rattles and feeding spoons that had been given to Carrie's first baby. What if in this respect, too, they should make a marked difference with hers.

She knew her jealous envy and comparison of his family's favoritism towards Carrie's children was growing upon her. She knew that it would only bring her many heartaches and much bitterness. And yet she felt her helplessness to crush it out.

A glass bottle blowing machine, invented in Germany, has a speed of two thousand bottles an hour, equal to the work of 250 expert glass-blowers.

Colds Cause Headache and Grip.

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE tablets remove cause. There is one "BROMO QUININE." It has signature of E. W. Grove on box. 25c.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

There is an old fashioned rain barrel at a house we pass on our way to the office. It stands at the corner of a decrepit building that serves as a home for a large family of little children, and it has a list to starboard much the same as the one that stood under the eaves of our kitchen when we were a boy.

There were wigglers in that old rain barrel of our boyhood and there were times in hot weather when the water smelled as they say bilge water smells, but we didn't mind the wigglers or the smell. It was the only rainwater we had.

Repulsive as that old barrel and its contents might be now to our pampered sense it is a symbol of something very sweet and precious. There were children who "holiered" in that barrel and a woman who used the water for her Monday morning washing who are associated with the old barrel in our memory.

To Stimulate the Pumpkin Pie Contest.

(Canton, O., News.) The frost has been discovered, and the biggest apple of them all is ready for the eating. Pumpkin pie! Yum, Yum! Even if it wasn't good the tender recollections of our patriotic ancestors and their staunch allegiance to this venerable dainty would make it worth eating. But it is good. In fact, with all your grape pies and your cherry pies, and your rhubarb pies and your apple pies, you will find a candidate who will sweep the pie belt as pumpkin pie will. Unanimous vote.

IN anticipation of an attempt to tear down the American flag that patriotically floats over the city hall Mr. Joyce should memorize the immortal words of Gov. Dix.

The Dog For H. A. E., Jr. (Manchester Guardian.)

A gold dog has been discovered. The animal is a rough haired terrier, is quite self-supporting, and he helps to support the house painter and his family with whom he lives. He has rooted out as many as ten good golf balls on a Sunday night, and in one week brought home twenty-one.

MOST of the golf balls found at Sunnyside are stamped H. A. E.

Seasonable Adaptation of "The R-sary." HEEL US

Thy hosiery. The sock I darn for thee, dear heart. Mean quite a pile of work for me; I count them over every one apart.

Thy hosiery. Each sock a mate, two mates a pair. To clothe thy feet in storm and cold, I count each sock until the end, and find

I've skipped a hole. O carelessness, this is thy reproach: See how it looms across thy sole; I grind my teeth, and then in every truth

I darn that hole sweetheart. I darn that hole! —Anonymous.

THAT twist of the lion's tail caused him to back up and sit down on it.

A Dimming Trail. Take the "path of rectitude."

But of this you must beware. It is not so easy to follow. Because of the grass growing there. D. B. H.

THE fate of poor "Charlie" Gates should admonish the glided youth of our fair land that speed is not the most desirable thing in a trip through life. There are beauties of the wayside worth lingering for and sweets of experience that taste the best if not swallowed at a gulp.

When Mrs. Jeanette Brown of Chicago applied to the United Charities for food and clothing for herself and baby she got a velvet dress and a can of tomatoes.

And, as M. E. says, they certainly wouldn't feed a baby canned tomatoes, so the velvet dress must have been for the infant.

ONE peculiarity of golf is that the faults of others are more conspicuous than our own.

OR is that a peculiarity? C. N. F.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of "The Perfect Tribute, etc."

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(Continued From Wednesday.)

CHAPTER II.

The Stranger.

At the end of the long street of Vieques, next the church, stood the house of Francois Bonaparte, the father of little Francois and Tomas and the rest. The villagers called him "Le Francois" and his wife "La Claire." This showed them of a certain importance, for one spoke as if there were no others. The house was the largest in the village, and its great earth-floored entry, leading at the right into the living rooms, at the left into the stable, was twenty feet square. There, on sunny spring days, the grandmother would sit on the long bench against the wall, always in the garden, always with the children about her, and the cows would file past into the wide door way at the left, switching their tails, with mild big eyes gazing gently at the group. In front was the flower garden, and little Lucie's head was not so tall as the patch of red peonies whose great blossoms the breeze tossed in one corner of it.

A beautiful garden it was, the finest in the village, yet this was not the pride of "La Claire," the wife of "Le Francois." She had two vintages, the neighbors said: her tiny vineyard in the garden, and the garden of flowers. Outside of the village, half a mile away, on the road to the old chateau, were the fields where, laid out in trim rows, flourished the vegetables of all the villagers. The little houses sat in the long street, the old vintages, the Roman road built before the Christian era and still kept up. The houses were set too close to allow space for the great beds of cabbages, beans, peas, turnips, parsley, endive, chicory, carrots. So the cottages nestled elbow to elbow in the street, and the gardens in the fields outside—one might see them by looking—stretched even long fingers through the valley almost to the slope that led to the ruined castle.

Francois, the lad, liked to be sent there with his mother's big basket to bring back vegetables for the family meal. It was quiet in the lower sun, the smell of growing things, and the earthy smell was pleasant, and a boy who had much to think about could think well as he broke off stems of chard or dug into the golden dam of growing earth for lettuce—"la salade." Moreover, he would ask sometimes: "Must I hurry today, mother?"

"Must I go on to the chateau for a little while?"

And then often La Claire would smile at the boy and answer: "But yes, my Francois you may go; there is no hurry."

And then came hours to be remembered. Francois remembered them many years after. He would set the basket carefully in a safe spot at the very end of the row of white grown lettuce heads, and then he would cross the field, brushing through the millions of scarlet poppies, higher than the blades of wheat, and climb up the steep hillside and straight over the fence, and be in the old castle. It was a good road, because the people of Vieques used it often for going to and from the pastures at the foot of the mountain, with the cows. At the end was a gate which closed the way to wagons or cattle; however, a person on foot might open it and go beyond. Inside were the ruins.

On a afternoon in July in the year of 1820, Francois being ten years old and a dreamer, came alone through the gate and sat down with his short legs dangling over an ancient wall, fifteen feet sheer down. He sat there, quite comfortable and secure, and kicked his heels, and thought of his brilliant future, and also of the story of the great dog and the treasure.

This ruin, the ancient chateau of Vieques, had a legend. Each child of the village knew it before he could remember how—it had been so with all of them always—grandfathers had heard it from grandfathers for hundreds of years. The tradition ran that far back, in the time of Caesar, fifty

years after Christ, a Roman governor in this Gallic province had built a formidable castle on this hill outside the village—"Vicus," the Romans called it simply, "the village"—and "Vicus," changed to "Vicques," it had stayed. The castle had great granaries to hold the grain which the governor tortured from the peasants and sent to Rome to sell. This little "vicus" was on the main road to Rome, which made it convenient for the governor. So he grew rich by oppression, and the gold wrung from the people he piled in cellars deep in his castle. When it came to be a great amount he sent far to the north to get a huge dog, and this dog he trained to a terrible fierceness, so that any one coming near him in the long underground corridors where he guarded the treasure was sure to be torn in pieces, except always the governor's peasant

error knew well that the people hated him, even those closest to him, and this savage beast was his only friend, and his reliance.

"For years things went on in this way, the governor grinding the peasants, and the giant dog guarding him and his treasure, till at last there came a thunderbolt—the governor was sent for to come to Rome to give an account of the riches which he had kept from the emperor. He had to go, but he left the dog in charge, and the night after he was gone the peasants gathered and set fire to the chateau and burned it to the ground, and the dog and the treasure were buried in it, and there they are to this day. The people of Vieques believe that if a man will go to dig for that treasure and will stay till midnight, that at twelve exactly a colossal dog will rise from the ruined stones and come, breathing flames, in his mouth, will be the key of the treasure-vault, and back of him will stand the ghost of the Roman governor wrapped in white, his face covered. And if the man will be bold enough to take the key from the flaming mouth, then dog and governor will vanish in a clap of thunder, and in front of the daring one will rise the door of the treasure-vault, and he may turn the key and go in and help himself. The people of Vieques believe this because the grandfathers have known from their grandfathers how there were men in old times braver than common who stayed till midnight in the ruins and saw the dog and the ghost—but none was brave enough ever to take the key from the dog's mouth.

The child Francois, his heels hanging over the drop of the ancient wall, the shadows of a large chestnut tree playing back and forth across his little figure and across the broken piles of grass-grown stones which had been the castle granaries, revolved this tale in his mind. The picture of the huge dog breathing fire and that ghostly vision of the pitiless governor, white, face-covered, dimly outlined in the shadows, gave the boy a thrill of agreeable horror, but not a thrill of fear. Fear had been, those who knew him said, left out of this lad.

"He does not think of himself," said the grandmother proudly, "so he can not fear for himself."

(To Be Continued.)

TWO WIVES SUE.

Charging failure to provide, Grace Ohmer has filed suit for divorce from Eugene Ohmer in the superior court. They were married July 8, 1907.

Pearl Schultz has filed suit for divorce from Walter J. Schultz in the superior court.

WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK IT'S OAK

—at WILHELM'S SPORT COATS

PRICED FROM \$10.00 UP



These swagger coats make a strong appeal to the young women—the high school miss, the college girl and the athleticly inclined, out-of-doors woman. One may select here just about as her fancy dictates, for the variety of styles and colors is abundant. In Novelty cloths, fancy Boucles; some with the new Civet collars; all satin lined.

NOVELTY MIXTURE COATS

All sizes, at \$15.

Girls', misses' and women's new coats that are conspicuous for their extra worth at the price. It is not uncommon to see such garments offered at \$18.50 and \$20.

They come in fine Chinchillas, white striped Zibelines, handsome Boucles; fancy two-tone Mohair, etc.; best satin lined; some with large shawl collars and ornamental fastenings.

WOMEN'S SMART COATS AT \$18.50, \$20.00 AND \$25.

These groups embrace a wonderfully varied assortment of styles that are distinguished for their smart effects. Of such splendid coat materials as Salt's genuine Persiana, Ural lamb, French eponges, Duvetynes and fancy cloths.

"THEY COST LESS AT WILHELM'S" LADIES' READY TO WEAR.

Wilhelm's
CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON.



"Your House Is So Popular!"

"Yes—electric light makes a house so cheerful, you know, and our friends cannot resist the attraction."

Let us wire your house for Edison Mazda Lamps, those bulbs of "bottled sunshine," which have popularized so many thousands of houses throughout the country. The cost of wiring is but a trifle compared with the benefits of electric light.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 West Colfax Avenue

Read the Wants Today